

Graduates In Arms

Half a league half a league
Half a league forward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred

Thanks to Tennyson's *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, the poetic cadence of galloping hooves during the Crimean War has beat in many a school-child's ears. The poem serves as a lesson in dimeters and dactyls, tries to speak to the insanity of war but usually is interpreted as glory. Amaze-ment is given today to the suicide bombers in the Middle East but from the Crimean War to the Japanese Kamikaze, the action has ample historical pre-cedence. How else can World War I trench warfare be described when "over the top" meant charging across empty land into machine gun fire where in one battle in 1916 over 60,000 British were killed, more in one day than America lost in 10 years in Vietnam? Suicide disguised as valor abounds.

The sad truth of the matter is that war in some form will probably be with us; even our liberal President Obama concedes this when he stated in his Nobel Peace Prize speech that force may be necessary because of "the imperfections of man and the limits of reason." When the President calls for help, those who take up arms must be unabashedly honored. From the bat-talion of my graduates who have done just that, here is a small sample.

Alex Eiselein



Alex Eiselein was full of pep in class and continues to drive forward with energy and style today. For the last five years he has been a Marine he-licopter mechanic keeping these ma-chines in the air all around the world. Thanks to Facebook, he recently sent in this photo and a few words. After his discharge, he is going to enroll in the mechanical trade school U.T.I. He wrote: "Five years in the making and it is only six months away, the taste is lingering in the back of my thoughts. Stay safe and above all have fun or what's the point?"

One month after the above quote he had to send in a revision. Discharge on hold, Haiti needs help, gotta move out. Since you don't know what the future holds, be ready for what comes at you.

I warned Alex when he sent in this recent photo that I would print it. What do you say? Rock on brother, I guess.

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